

## **This kind of aggression by Jancys\_Blue\_Bayou**

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**Summary:**

The red hue of the darkroom somehow makes the sharp angles of his face even crisper. She tries to shake the thoughts out of her head. She's Nancy Wheeler, monster hunter with a 4.0 GPA and a good head on her shoulders. But then he looks up, looks at her and stands up a bit straighter and that t-shirt is pretty tight she notices, amongst other things. Screw it. She's also Nancy Wheeler, hormonal teenager.

## **This kind of aggression**

### **Author's Note:**

For day 4 of Jancy fanfic week the theme is smut. This is from an anon prompt: "Jonathan getting mad about something and Nancy being really turned on by quietly raging Jonathan + shy Nancy because it's a whole new side to him that she hasn't seen before + shirtless activities"

Finally the bell rings, signalling the end of AP Calculus. She gathers her things and heads out the door quickly, eager to dump the stuff in her locker and go find Jonathan for their free period. She rounds the corner to head down the hallway where her locker is located. Already before she turns the corner she can hear voices talking angrily, loud. He's already there, by her locker. But he's not alone. Carol and Tommy H. is there too. Jonathan's got his back to her but she can tell from his body language he's agitated, angry. In a way she's only seen once before, in the alley last fall. Carol and Tommy was there that time aswell, as was Nicole, and Steve, who had been the one to, deservedly, get punched in the face repeatedly after the horrible things he said about Jonathan's family. Steve was nowhere to be found now though, it was Carol and Tommy with their followers against Jonathan.

"You two are fucking assholes. Leave her alone," she can hear him say in a dark, angry tone she's never heard him use before.

"What you gonna do, Perv?" Tommy H. taunts. "Don't get cocky just because you beat up Queen Steve."

"You better back. The fuck. Off. And leave her alone. Or else," he growls and she can see him ball his hands into fists. She quickens her steps.

"Aw look, here she comes, the Slutty Princess herself," Carol taunts as she sees her. Everyone looks at her, tauntingly, except for Jonathan

who turns around, his face softening a bit before it hardens again when he turns back to Carol and Tommy H.

"Go to hell Carol," she bites back and looks at her locker. She cleaned the graffiti off it this morning before first period, but now new etchings reading "SLUT" and "WHORE" adorn it. Both smudged a bit, she surmises that Jonathan had tried to get it off before Carol and Tommy and their cronies stopped by. She steps in between them all to get to her locker, unlocks and dumps her stuff in there before slamming it shut again. She turns to Carol.

"You know Carol, I find it kind of creepy how obsessed you are with me. Seriously, it's like you're stalking me," she says, hoping to fluster her.

"Aw, you wish Princess. We all know what you feel about creepy stalkers," the redhead throws back, looking pointedly from her to Jonathan. "Even a slut can dream, I guess..." she continues.

"Let's just go," she says and grabs Jonathan's hand. He still looks to be seething with anger but follows.

But then Tommy opens his big mouth again, muttering to one of his cronies, loud enough so they hear:

"Such a freak family, did you know that the guy who ran Radioshack was fucking Byers mom? Then he mysteriously died. You gotta wonder..."

Jonathan stops and turns back. Before he can march back she tugs firmly on his arm and tries to calm him.

"No no no, screw him, don't listen, okay, let's just go," she says and adds in a whisper "You can't fight in school, they'll suspend you. Please let's just go."

He stands bolted to the spot for a moment and everyone smirks at them. Look at the Slut and the Perv, the Whore and the Psycho. Then thankfully he turns back and lets her lead him away. She flips them off.

She leads him straight to the darkroom, where they can be alone, and locks the door behind them. She watches him as he paces the room. Yep, the last time she saw him this angry it ended with Steve getting his face caved in and Jonathan in handcuffs. He looks to be searching for a relief, to get it all out, but finding nothing. She's never seen him like this, she's not quite sure how to handle it.

"I don't care what they say about me, what they write on my locker," she says. It's true. Mostly true.

"I care. You don't deserve it."

"I appreciate that. But the best thing we can do is ignore them. They want to provoke us. Let's not give them the satisfaction."

He doesn't say anything to that.

"I know it's hard, especially when they say shit like that about Bob, but we can't let them get to us."

She watches him carefully. She's conflicted. She believes what she's been saying, they can't let those idiots get to them, it's the smart thing to do. The mature thing to do. But at the same time she can't deny that a part of her also really wants to punch them in the face. Or for Jonathan to do it since he's stronger than her. She also wants him to always be happy. Not angry. But she can't deny the familiar stirring inside her as she watches him tense, still pacing. His back muscles flexing slightly. His chest that's surely become more toned and defined this year. His biceps, he still got his hands balled into fists, she can make out veins in his arm under the skin. The red hue of the darkroom somehow makes the sharp angles of his face even crisper. She tries to shake the thoughts out of her head. She's Nancy Wheeler, monster hunter with a 4.0 GPA and a good head on her shoulders. But then he looks up, looks at her and stands up a bit straighter and that t-shirt is pretty tight she notices, amongst other things. Screw it. She's also Nancy Wheeler, hormonal teenager.

She strides across the room and kisses him fully on the lips. He seems taken aback, but quickly finds himself and kisses her back. She puts her hands around his neck and deepens the kiss. She can feel some tension leave his shoulders. She can feel his pulse, a vein in his neck throbbing against her hand. And it's not slowing down but speeding up. So is hers as she slips her tongue in his mouth. He pulls her closer to him and her arms go around his neck. She moans right into his mouth when he to her surprise picks her up and puts her down on the counter. *This* kind of aggression she's fully behind.

His hands go under her shirt and travels upwards. She spreads her legs so he can get even closer. She hooks her legs around him and pushes right up against him. His lips goes from hers down to her neck and her hands go into his hair. She can't help herself, she likes to mess it up sometimes. His mouth moves over hers again and he nibbles ever so slightly on her lower lip for a second before their tongues collide again. She lets out a gasp of surprise when he suddenly unhooks her bra because when he did he figure out how to do that without looking or even taking off her sweater first? And good God why does it turn her on even more?

He cups her breasts and she again moans straight into his mouth when he strokes his thumb over her nipple. She knows she's dripping wet.

Frankly she may be more turned on than she's ever been. Toss up between this or that first night at Murray's. When he kissed her like that she was a goner. She realizes she doesn't care that they're in school, that they could get in trouble. Matter of fact she feels like it would feel like a nice and welldeserved *fuck you* to Carol, Tommy and everyone else in the goddamn school, to let Jonathan fuck her right here, right now. But that's only a secondary reason. The main reason to do it is because she really, really, *really* wants Jonathan to fuck her right now. She couldn't care less where they were.

She figures she should probably let him know.

"Jonathan," she says in a husky voice between kisses.

"What?" He murmurs before capturing her lips again.

"Fuck me."

He looks too deep into her eyes. A year ago he told her that people sometimes don't say what they're really thinking but if you could capture the right moment it said more. When he stares at her like that she thinks he must realize that he doesn't need a photograph to analyze this, she said just what she was thinking. He seems to come to the same conclusion because he captures her lips again with even more assertiveness.

His mouth moves down to that sweet spot on her neck again while she strokes him through his jeans. She'll get a love bite there. People might comment on it but she *really* don't care about that. She fiddles with the button and the zipper, reaches into his boxers and pulls his cock out. It's already pretty stiff but grows in length and gets even harder as she strokes it. He moans against her neck.

Thank God she wore a skirt today. She scoots even closer to edge of the counter, to *him*, and folds it up over her waist. She begs him with her eyes to pull down her panties and he's not slow to grant her request. She shudders when he strokes her with his thumb briefly.

And again when he enters her with a moan. He bends forward a bit to get a good angle and starts to thrust. She kisses him again, mostly to quiet her moaning. He fills her. He feels perfect. Against her, in her.

She can't hide her moans in his mouth anymore when he speeds up, that won't work. So she sinks her lips into his neck instead. They already have matching scars on their hands, might aswell have matching love bites, she thinks.

But then she has to lean back on the counter because it's killing her to sit up in the previous position. And oh God he reaches even deeper now. She pulls her sweater up and cups one of her breasts and plays with the nipple. He looks down at her with a look in his eye like she's the most wondrous sight in the universe. He keeps a steady hold of

her hip with his right hand but reaches out for her other breast with his left. God yes. She bites her lip as he cups his hand over it and rubs circles over her nipple while he keeps pumping into her pussy.

After awhile it starts to build up. Biting her lip won't be enough, she knows. And he seems to be able to read her correctly too. Just when the orgasm rolls over her he clamps his hand over her mouth instead to silence her moans. It's his scarred hand, she realizes. And somehow that turns her on aswell. Her orgasm sends him over the edge too and he comes inside of her. When it ebbs out he moves his hand from her mouth. They just breathe for a few seconds before his cock slides out of her and she sits up and kisses him again.

"That was amazing," she states, pulling her panties up and folding her skirt down.

"Yeah," he agrees while zipping up, finally looking more relaxed.

"I love you."

"I love you."

He helps her down from the counter. When her feet touch the ground she realizes that her legs feel like jelly. She has to balance herself against him and the counter for a second. He starts to laugh. What a wonderful sound. But still.

"Shut up," she tries to say with a straight face. "Make yourself useful and find my bra instead, where the hell did it go?"

He can't stop laughing now but he does find her bra. She tries and fails to stifle back a grin while she puts it back on. She pulls down her sweater again and fixes her outfit. He's collected himself now. She looks him over. Standing on her tiptoes she fixes his ruffled up hair and presses a kiss to his cheek.

"So, screw them. Don't let them get to you," she says.

"Yeah," he answers.

She unlocks the door, takes his hand and together they head out of the darkroom into the world.